

JUNE 16, 1921

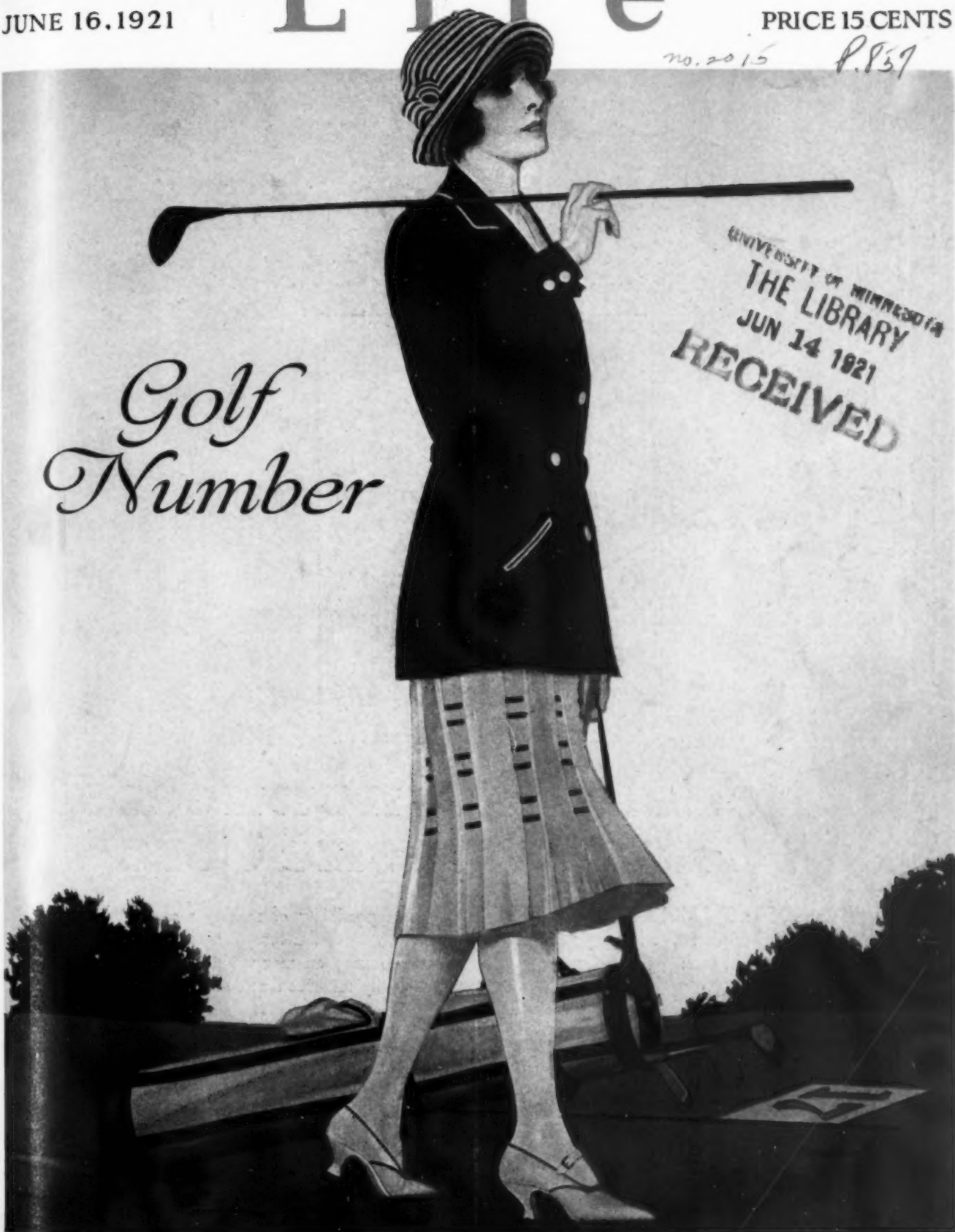
# Life

PRICE 15 CENTS

no. 2015 P. 837

*Golf  
Number*

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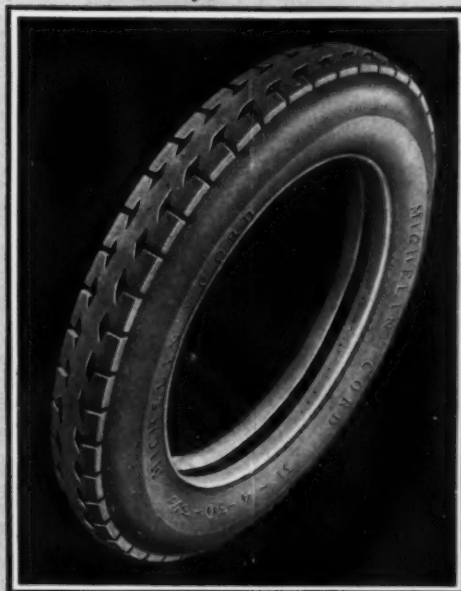
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*The Wearing of the Green*

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# At last!

## A perfected Cord Tire for Light Cars



## Michelin Announces a 30 x 3½ Oversize Cord

The new 30 x 3½ Michelin Cord embodies the following important advantages in tire equipment for light cars:

- 1st: It reduces tire expense by greatly increasing mileage.
- 2nd: It increases riding comfort owing to superior resiliency.
- 3rd: It gives the owner all the advantages of oversize tire equipment.

There has been some doubt in the tire trade

as to the possibility of making a completely satisfactory cord tire for plain clincher rims, which are used on many light cars; but this tire definitely removes that doubt.

Owners of Ford, Chevrolet, Overland, Maxwell, Dort, Briscoe or other light cars with clincher rims will find it profitable to have the nearest Michelin dealer show them the new 30 x 3½ Michelin Cord, and explain in detail the reasons for its superiority. Just test one of these new tires for yourself and be convinced,

**MICHELIN TIRE CO., Milltown, N. J.**

Other Factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy. Dealers everywhere.

# I Will Pay \$10,000 For The Best Thoughts on One of My Problems

*Thomas A. Edison*

**I**N 1851, RALPH WALDO EMERSON said: "Could I only have music on my own terms, whenever I wished the ablution and inundation of musical waves, that are a bath and a medicine."

Emerson spoke the thoughts of millions, and voiced the need of all humanity.

It is obvious that the phonographic reproduction of music affords the only means of providing music of practically every variety, wherever and whenever it is desired; without this means, even those, who live in the great centers of music, can hear it only at conventional hours—and, then, not always the kind of music they most need and desire.

To make the phonographic reproduction of music serve the need expressed by Emerson, it is necessary that the reproduction shall preserve—undiminished and undistorted—the true beauties of the original music. The greatest shortcoming of the phonograph has been its lack of realism. It is this shortcoming which I have sought to remove. The result is a degree of realism in our new phonograph, which is baffling to even the most expert ears, when direct comparison is made between living singers or instrumentalists and the reproduction or RE-CREATION of their work by our new instrument.

Were Emerson alive today, I feel that our new phonograph would be accepted by him as a satisfactory answer to the need, which he expressed. At any rate, the psychological research work, which we have been conducting for nearly two years, indicates that

the well known and almost incalculable benefits of music can be derived, in full measure, from the proper use of this new instrument.

Psychologists, physicians, and other scientists appreciate that our object is to provide music of the best sort, under conditions that will insure the largest benefits. The new phonograph, which we have developed, is merely the instrumentality by which I am endeavoring to place truly fine music at the command of every household.

A great many people have said that they regard this new instrument as the best phonograph in existence.

While such statements are naturally gratifying to me, I find that the importance of our work in the field of music is somewhat obscured by the fact that so many people continue to think of this new instrument merely as a phonograph. They may think of it as the best phonograph—but it still is only a phonograph to them.

I want a phrase, which will emphasize that our new instrument is not a mere machine, but that it is an instrumentality, by which the true beauties and the full benefits of music can be brought into every home.

The phrase should not contain more than four or five words. I want a dignified expression, which will clearly distinguish this instrument from all other sound reproducing devices.

I have authorized that \$10,000.00 in prizes be paid for the best ideas submitted.

(Signed) THOMAS A. EDISON

## Details of Mr. Edison's \$10,000.00 Prize Offer

can be obtained from the Edison dealer in your locality. If you do not know him, watch for his advertisement in your local newspaper. It costs you nothing to compete for these prizes.

If you are not already familiar with the New Edison, the Edison dealer will afford you every opportunity to become familiar with it, and will supply you with all necessary literature.

All ideas must be submitted upon blanks, which the Edison dealer will provide, and must be mailed prior to September 2nd, 1921.

You do not have to be a trained writer in order to win one of the prizes. Ideas are what count.





*He didn't think to put on*  
**WEED TIRE CHAINS**  
*so now his car is Junk!*

**TIMELY WARNING!** Make up your mind now always to put on *Weed Tire Chains* at the first drop of rain.

It is a regrettable fact that some automobile drivers still seemingly prefer to take a chance and then think afterwards.

Instead of spending a few minutes to put on Weed Chains they spend hundreds of dollars repairing the damage caused by skidding.

A *certain* antidote to the chances of skidding on *uncertain* pavements and roads is to make an "iron clad" rule always to put on Weed Chains at the first drop of rain.

Directions for attaching Weed Chains are simple yet most important. They are packed in the bag with every pair. If you desire a copy, write us and we will gladly mail it to you.

**WEED**  
**TIRE CHAINS**  
 left in the garage  
 never stop a skid



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# Life

## THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH FOR THE STAR

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

I should love to sing of the full free swing  
And the echoing cry of "Fore!"  
As the ball flies true from the follow through  
Two hundred yards or more.  
I should love to write of the arrow flight  
Of the rapidly dwindling sphere,  
And its light rebound from the yielding ground  
Like the leap of a hunted deer.  
But this song would be, from the likes of me,  
The climax of self-conceit,  
For the best I've got from my utmost swat  
Is a hundred and thirteen feet!

I should love to croon of the delving spoon  
With shimmering metal shod,  
That cleaves its way through the clinging clay  
Or shatters the matted sod.  
I should love to praise in ecstatic lays  
The click of the niblick's clout  
When it dives kerslap! in the gravelly trap  
And the pellet comes hurtling out.  
But I'm well aware as the turf I tear  
That I ought to be singing small,  
For the divots sail as the sward I flail,  
But it's rarely I budge the ball.

I would fain recite my profound delight  
When an arching approach has sped,  
Fair, straight and clean to the distant green  
And drops, with a backspin, dead.  
I should love to rhyme of the thrill sublime  
When the caddy removes the pin  
And my club I clasp with a joyful gasp  
As my twelve-foot putt clinks in.  
But a chant like that would fall quite flat  
Though it lilted in every line,  
If sung by a bard with an average card  
Of a hundred and ninety-nine!

Robert Thompson



"OH! WILLIAM, I'VE DROPPED MY HANDKERCHIEF."  
 "LET IT GO, MY DEAR, AND I'LL BUY YOU A DOZEN. I'VE SCALED THIS ANIMAL ONCE ALREADY."

### Considering—

CONSIDERING that Babe Ruth uses Blivins' Creamo Shaving Soap each morning (see advertisement in all the latest nickel magazines), and then shaves himself with a Simplexus Safety Razor (note testimonial on all the billboards),

following which he always exercises with Juggins' Chewing Gum (as per announcement in advertising section), and later takes a spin in a Whizzer Motor Car (see half-page layouts in leading publications)—considering Mr. Ruth does these things, in addition to taking a tablespoonful of Donahue's Beef, Iron and Vodka after

every meal (facsimile of the Babe's letter of appreciation sent free on request), giving himself a rubdown with Goldstein's Tar Soap (adv.) and eating a package of Peppermint Niblets (as indorsed in all the leading magazines), it is really more or less remarkable that Babe finds time to knock out home runs at all.



THE FRUGAL MAN,



"I'LL BET THAT COP'LL NEVER TELL ME TO COME OFF THE GRASS AGAIN."  
 "WHY? WHAT DID YOU DO?"  
 "I JUST GAVE HIM ONE LOOK."

### Her Line

**JEALOUS MARJORY:** How is it you always have your way, Jane? What line of argument do you follow?

**JANE (clever, though pretty):** I follow the line of least consistence.

### In a Boston Gallery

**THE BACK BAY LADY:** Now, this canvas is extremely good—nice tone.

**HER GUEST (from the wilds, not to be outclassed):** Yes, yes, quite wonderful. I see it's a Gainsborough by Rembrandt.

### Expert Opinion

**"DID the man who sold you that suit tell you it was all wool?"**

**"Yes. Why?"**

**"I shudder to think what a boll weevil would do to the sheep that bore that wool."**



THE HOOK NOSE AND THE FLY.



Kearney





### Sanctum Talks

"**B**ON jour, LIFE."

"This is—why, my dear fellow, be seated. This is a great honor, Monsieur Carpentier."

"Vraiment?"

"Why not? Of all the foreign celebrities I know, Monsieur Carpentier, you are the most honest. You come for money, but you are willing to fight for it."

"LIFE! Je vous remercie infiniment. . ."

"Pardon, Monsieur, je n'ai pas compris. Voulez-vous avoir la bonté de parler anglais. Je ne comprends le français que très peu."

"O LIFE, verrie vell. Je suis très heureux de faire votre connaissance—Ha! Ha!"

"Same here. Of course, Mr. Dempsey—"

"Bonne nuit!"

"Don't speak harshly of him, monsieur."

"We cannot all of us have the extreme honor of fighting for our country, as you did. Besides prize fighting is not to be confounded with patriotism, or the home."

"Et alors? Vat you say? Oh, Hell!"

"I suppose you mean it is a part of the whole man. Oh, very well. Then you would not say, Monsieur Carpentier, may the best man win."

"Je vous comprends. On ne doit pas penser qu'à soi."

"Exactly. In other words, M. Carpentier, you punch, he punches, but it isn't so much the man—it is rather, may the best animal win."

"Au'voir, LIFE!"

"Au'voir, mon ami!"

### Appropriate Desserts

FOR suburbanites:—Cottage pudding.  
For presidents:—Cabinet pudding.  
For politicians:—Plum pudding.  
For ambassadors:—Diplomatic pudding.  
For castaways:—Floating island.  
For grafters:—Sponge cake.  
For pugilists:—Pound cake.  
For sculptors:—Marble cake.  
For saints:—Angel cake.  
For hunters:—Lair cake.  
For dwarfs:—Short cake.  
For beaux:—Lady fingers.

### Strange but True

"**T**ECHNICALLY, we are still at war with Germany, are we not?"

"We are, and we're a darned sight better off than the countries which are technically at peace with her."

### The Fan

"**H**OW do you know Perkins doesn't know anything about sport?"

"Why, he said he knew Babe Ruth when she was a chorus girl!"

### LIFE's Fresh Air Farm

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-four years. In that time it has expended \$191,130.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 41,505 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 17 West 31st Street, New York City.

The following list includes all contributions received after the close of last year's work:

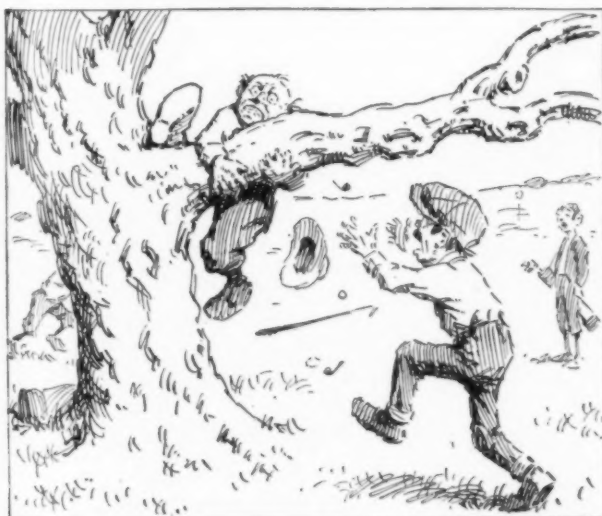
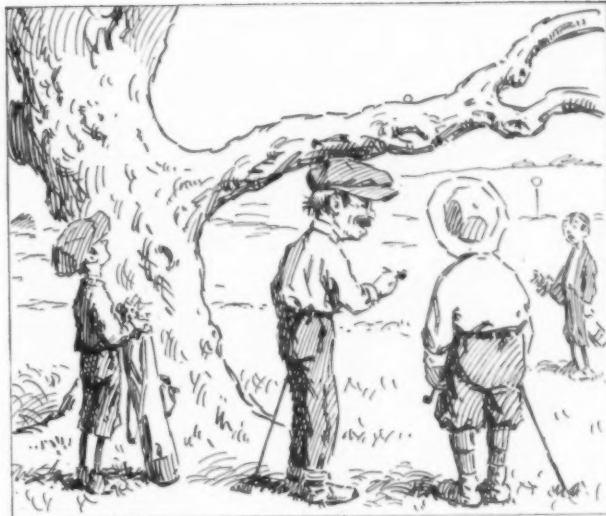
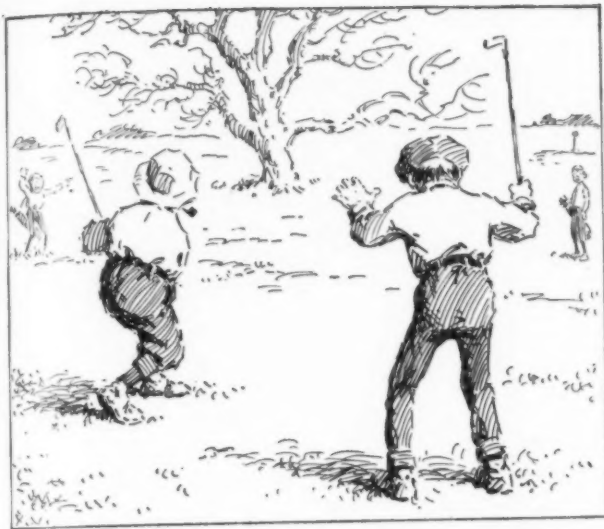
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(Continued on page 888.)



Customer: I WANT A FLY SWATTER, PLEASE.

Floorwalker: YES, MADAM. SPORTS DEPARTMENT, TWO AISLES TO THE RIGHT.



Drawn by A. B. Frost.

"A ball must be played from wherever it lies."  
—Rules of Golf.



Artist: I PUT MY WHOLE SELF INTO YOUR PORTRAIT.  
Patron: BUT WHAT ABOUT ME?

THE ideal man is as numerous as there are women to describe him.

ANY cook will tell you there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the china-closet.



Golfer: NO, NO, CADDIE! I'LL USE THE SAME CLUB.

### It Works Both Ways

ACCORDING to a statement made by the French War Museum, over one hundred thousand books have already been published on the war and every day on the average fourteen new war books are being issued.

Posterity will, therefore, be in about the same position toward ascertaining the truth about the war, that we are in toward ascertaining the truth about what happened before Adam.

The only difference is that in the one case there is no information on hand, and in the other case there will be so much information on hand that nobody will know what to do with it. Thus, over the course of ages, Ignorance is properly guaranteed.

### Lacking in Humor

"FATHER," said the young man, "I am thinking seriously of matrimony."

"Well, that's better than regarding it as a joke," replied the old man.

"WHO made the first American flag?" asked the teacher.

"George M. Cohan," responded the New York boy promptly.





Drawn by C. H. SYKES.

Europa and the Bull

## Life



## Lines

SKETCHES have recently been exhibited at the Royal Drawing Society in London by an infant prodigy, eighteen months old.

Barrie has evidently been at it again.

\*\*\*

Perfect harmony should reign in the house of Miss Ora Sweet and Mr. Homer J. Melody, who were married recently in Worcester.

\*\*\*

From Singapore to London come specimens of the smallest pike in the world, measuring scarcely two inches in length.

Anybody who would fish for pike that size is certainly a piker.

\*\*\*

Wayne B. Wheeler, of the Anti-Saloon League, declares that the organization of wine and beer leagues in this country will lead to anarchy.

"If that be treason—"

\*\*\*

From my first tour of European art galleries I brought home a large portfolio of photographs of the fine nude female statues which were not passion-stirring to me.—*Dr. Wilbur Crafts, of the Lord's Day Alliance.*

Better luck next time.

\*\*\*

Our New Diplomacy consists of observation without representation.

\*\*\*

High heels are claimed by one expert to give relief in cases of weak or overstrained feet. He makes no claims of high skirts giving relief in cases of weak or overstrained eyes.

Twenty thousand Soviet rubles are valued at one dollar.

"A ruble for your thoughts, dearie."

\*\*\*

Now that knickerbockers for women golfers have been introduced, we may expect our fair athletes to make great strides forward.

we shall have to go in order to deprive some people of the same power, will he kindly communicate with this office?

\*\*\*

Miss Alice Robertson, the only woman in Congress, has announced that she is opposed to Blue Sunday and anti-tobacco legislation, and that she believes that the Anti-Saloon League should be disbanded and the reformers reformed.

Votes for Women!

\*\*\*

Those who "carry on" should be careful where they carry it.

\*\*\*

A Florida colonel has trained a duck to do his fishing for him and catch only perch and trout.

We await with interest the genius who will train his houseflies to swat themselves.

\*\*\*

I don't see any way to regulate motion pictures except by censorship.—*Governor Miller, of New York.*

The idea was tried first in the Garden of Eden with very moderate results.

\*\*\*

A "Health Hints" Column announces that tomatoes have a good effect on people

inclined to irascibility due to liver troubles.

Externally applied from a ten-foot distance.

\*\*\*

New York Woman Beaten By Burglar in Yokohama.—*N. Y. Tribune*

The long arm of the lawless.



JAMES MONTGOMERY PLACE

### AND YEAST IS YEAST

Bill's friends got him eating this yeast;  
He literally rose from the feast.  
When latest observed,  
In his course he had swerved;  
He is now wafting south, a point east.

Urge State to Abolish Capital Punishment.—*Headline.*

They even want to reduce the wages of sin.

\*\*\*

The power of speech was recently restored by taking a patient up two miles above sea level in an airplane. If any scientist knows how far below sea level



THE ANIMAL LOVERS  
TURN ABOUT IS GOOD SPORT.

### Purely Historical

JUNE 15, 1922:

Measures for the relief of our disabled soldiers were considered in the House this morning.

April 14, 1923:

Congressman Hopewell introduced a bill into the House to-day in which our disabled soldiers will be relieved.

May 18, 1924:

At a Cabinet meeting held on the White House lawn the relief of our disabled soldiers was mentioned this afternoon.

July 5, 1925:

After the display of fireworks last evening, a spectator was heard to remark that the relief of some of our disabled soldiers, who had returned from France, would not be a bad idea.

Sept. 17, 1926:

It is understood that the three bureaus for the relief of soldiers disabled in the European War are still considering the matter.

Oct. 14, 1954:

In the house to-day Mr. Shotwell moved. . .



### THRIFT

"FATHER, WOULD YOU MIND PUTTIN' MY DOOR KNOB IN THE SAFE WITH THE REST OF THE VALUABLES?"





"RIDING HIM OFF."

### Tales Out of School

"It must break the theme of your lecture to be interrupted by your audience."

"The secret of success for a lecturer, my boy," replied the foreign visitor, "is not to have a theme."

### Reflections of a Class A Caddie

ONE swallow does not make a golfer—  
it only helps.

You may chip, you may wallop the ball  
if you will,

But the slash of the duffer will cling  
round it still.

Look before you cheat.

Every water hole has a silver lining—  
ask the boat boy.

To stymie is human; to lift up divine.

Half a stroke is better than none.

He laughs last who putts best.

When in doubt, hole out.

### Something Like

CRAWFORD: The screen producers  
have pledged themselves to throw out  
every rotten picture.

CRABSHAW: That will be the best happy  
ending they have ever given us.

### Dr. Finfan Lectures at the Aquarium

THE first of a series of lectures planned for the habitués of Battery Park Aquarium, was delivered on Saturday afternoon by Dr. A. Finfan, of the National Federation for the Promotion of Privacy for Goldfish. Throughout the lecture Dr. Finfan held his listeners breathless, appealing to the manhood or womanhood of every one of them.

"Most people," he began, "think that because they never see goldfish shedding tears they are always happy, but the Federation I represent knows they are saddened"—Dr. Finfan's voice betrayed strong emotion—"because there are no corners in a round aquarium. I tell you, the thousands and thousands of goldfish that have been picked up on the rugs of our nation did not jump out of the water by accident. They jumped because they were leading lives devoid of privacy in cornerless fish globes, and suicide was their object."

Dr. Finfan said that the Federation was meeting with real success in its agitation for a new model of fish bowl. Not so far in the future, he hopes, the bowls will be built on the square, and of some opaque material. Besides the shocking lack of privacy which the glass bowls force on the fish, there is the fact that the sun's rays on the water burn up the oxygen and result in many cases of hoof-and-mouth disease.

"In the Island of Yap," said the lecturer, "where opaque bowls are used, they tell us that the goldfish live to be three hundred years old and grow long white whiskers."

"I hope we shall live to see the goldfish come into his own," concluded Dr. Finfan. "The goldfish is the least understood of all our pets. When you go up to the globe and look at him he waves his tail at you just like a kind, affectionate pup, yet who ever saw a person say a kind word to a goldfish? Who ever saw even the kindest-hearted person pat one on the head and tell him he was a nice little minnow? But some day all will be changed. And the man who has an aquarium without at least providing shades which may be easily pulled down by the fish, will become the butt of press, pulpit and public."

Margaret Scarle.



She (Sunday morning): DID YOU EVER GO TO SUNDAY SCHOOL?  
Caddie: YESSUM! YOU WAS ME TEACHER!



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The Winner



JUNE 16, 1921

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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**C**OLONEL HARVEY is a man who does things, but they are not always the things that he expects to do at the time. By six years of steady work he achieved the nomination of a president, but he did not achieve it until after he had transferred his support to another statesman. He is a first-class hand to start something. The value of him seems to be in his intuitions rather than in his judgment. He is not prudent, nor very wise, but his impulses are sometimes useful, and in unexpected ways.

His London speech has been gathering momentum like a boulder rolling down hill. It has done lots of good, and precisely the opposite kind of good to what seemed to be intended. The understanding has been that Colonel Harvey, in London, represented that wing of the party now in control of the country which has been led by the so-called irreconcilables of the Senate. His speech seemed to represent the sentiments of those gentlemen, but it stirred up the people whose sentiments it did not represent and they have been making a great deal of noise. Among others, it stirred up the administration, which has felt it necessary to do something, and as Mr. Hughes could not well express his feelings, that duty fell to the President, who has come out with sentiments quite diverse from those which Colonel Harvey delivered at the Pilgrims' dinner.

Certainly neither the President, the Secretary of State nor Mr. Hoover considers that we got into the war because we were afraid to keep out and solely in the interest of our own concerns. Colonel Harvey's persuasion that we did so must have accrued to him from reading the paper that he published during the late campaign. Apparently repetition had its

effect and he came to believe that some of the assertions in that paper were really so, especially since nobody took much trouble to contradict them. But what he said as Ambassador in London was important and had to have immediate attention from headquarters.



**M**R. HARDING'S "It must not be again!" speech, made in New York when he came to meet the ship that brought the soldiers' bodies, and the fine address he made a day or two later, at Arlington Cemetery on Memorial Day, seemed both to be aimed to correct the impression left by his Ambassador. Colonel Harvey had disparaged the suggestion "that we went to war to rescue humanity from all kinds of menacing perils," but at Arlington the President said:

Our country has never failed to measure up to the demands presented to it in behalf of humanity, and it never will. When it ceases to meet these drafts it will no longer be our country; it will be, if that time ever comes, the wretched and decaying memorial of another civilization which has crumbled, of another ambition for man's happiness which has somehow gone awry.

To have inspired the expression of such sentiments as these by the head of the administration on a notable public occasion is a considerable exploit for which due credit must be given to the Ambassador. Some people regret that he was sent to London and would have him recalled. Not so. Who else could have done as much good as he is doing? If he falls down and the administration stumbles over him into a better position, he is useful. Keep him at it! He is bringing out wonderfully the real feeling of the country about the war and why we got into

it and what duties it left on our hands. He has put a fiction into words, secured for it an enormous publicity, and seen it rejected by his government and pitched out with maledictions by his home papers. That was a great service. If it was involuntary it was none the less useful. If he did it with intention premeditation it was heroic.



**O**NE reason why there has been so large and continuing a stir about Ambassador Harvey's remarks is that our foreign relations are more important just now than anything else. Our affairs here at home hang very much on what we are able to do abroad. We need the European market extremely. We need to help Europe in every way we can to reduce that surplus of raw materials and manufactured goods which is so necessary to her and so embarrassing to us. In these particulars our selfish and our unselfish interests are all working together. We need to help Europe so that Europe can help us. That is as it ought to be and makes for sound financing and sound trade.

But though trade is so important, both on its own account and in its relation to the state of world, it is only one thing the world needs and not the most vital. The vital thing is a new hope, a new spirit that will make men and nations stop wrangling and haggling, throw out their fears and suspicions, get to work and make up their minds to live together. Discussing French fears and resulting policies, and their effect on British opinion, Sir Philip Gibbs speaks of "the growing belief in the minds of the British people that only by a new spirit of conciliation among people, gradual disarmament all around and a complete new structure of international relations may the peace of Europe be assured." That, he says, is the hope of the new democracy in many nations. . . .





IRISH STEW.

"and is the only foreign policy known to any hard-working woman who had a son in the war and a mangle in the back kitchen."



TWO men have died of whom one can think of nothing to say but good. They were admirable men, very useful, singularly unblemished, truly consecrated to the service of the public. One was Chief Justice White, the other Franklin Lane.

In his youth Justice White was a Confederate soldier. He came from Louisiana and in religion was a Roman Catholic and a pious one. He was a Democrat in politics and was made Chief Justice by a Republican president. All those things made him an example of national harmony and a representative of religious and political tolerance. He was a very pleasant man and an able judge. He had the confidence of all the country, or at least so much of it as had confidence in anything.

As for Mr. Lane, he was a writer; an incorrigible writer, transplanted into public office. He was a writer by practice because he had been a newspaper man, but besides that, because his mind was always so full of ideas. It ran over with ideas and they took shape in words, and also in very practical actions. That was remarkable about him, that he had so great a gift of expression and at the same time was so practical and so executive.

Writers are prone to the vice of self-admiration, but Mr. Lane seemed to have very little of it. He was remarkably interested in other people, in all kinds of people, their thoughts, their ideas, their interests. He served in Mr. Wilson's cabinet about seven years, and in that time not only used up his health, but all of the little fortune that he brought to Washington when he came there. The country owes a great deal to Mr. Lane. It will not repay his heirs in money for his sacrifices, but in the sense of "what I gave, I have" Mr. Lane died rich.

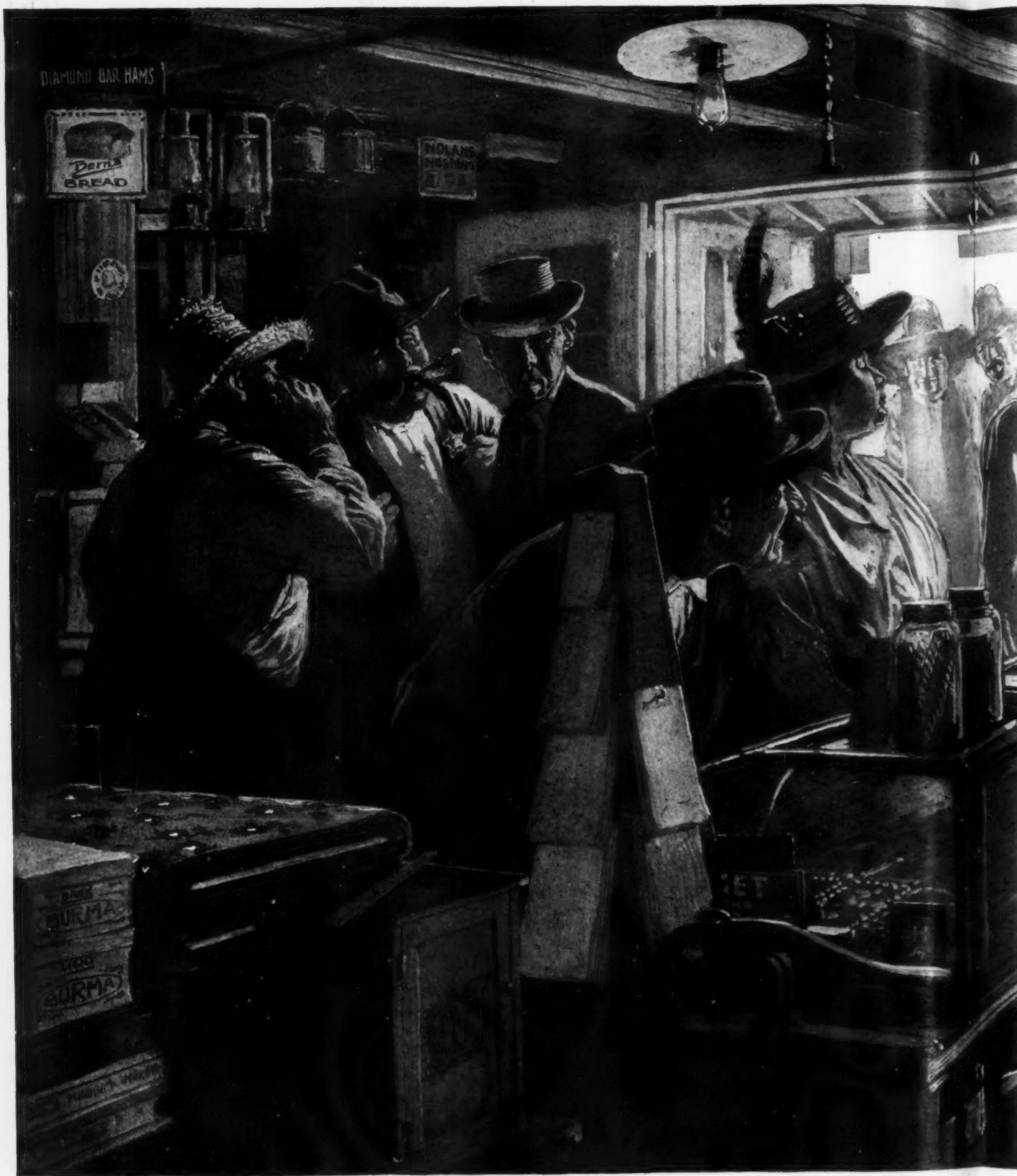
One of the last things that Mr. Lane said and put in print—either just be-

fore or after he left office—was the suggestion that we were not ready enough in commendation of public men who did something well. Evil doers are apt to get attention when their misdeeds come to light, but many public men do splendid service and are not praised for it as they should be.

More than once Mr. Lane's words on this subject have come to mind in connection with the bold effort of Governor Dorsey of Georgia to stop peonage in that state. When he published his "Black Book," about the persecution of negroes and outrages on them, he invited an assault from all the elements in his state that work to keep the negroes under. The assault came, but he has met it calmly.

The plow that Governor Dorsey has put his hand to can only be guided by a Southerner. No outsider could do to advantage what he has undertaken—to rouse the conscience of his state against a certain form of evil doing, but outsiders can, at least, offer him the moral support of their admiration.

E. S. Martin.



Elder Threefingers, the local prohibition



Prohibition leader, buys five pounds of raisins.





## Gold and Some "Forty-Niners"

AT the end of the first act of "Gold," Eugene O'Neill's latest contribution to our native drama, the audience is in a fair way to die of thirst before the ushers can come down with the water-cruets.

The scene is laid on a sun-baked isle in the Malay Archipelago, and the members of the crew of the wrecked "Triton" are seen staggering about over the sand in search of water which is not there. They find a chest of what looks like gold, but they can't drink that, as one of the characters playfully remarks. And after George Marion and Ashley Buck, as the *Cook* and the *Cabin Boy* respectively, have dragged themselves panting across the dunes in a highly realistic manner, it remains only for Willard Mack, the *Captain*, to come on and roll his eyes and the entire audience starts wetting its lips and gulping frantically. The first act of "Gold" holds out a promise of being a prelude to one of the most enthralling of the new season's plays.

But in the second act, while the effect of drought is well maintained, it is a drought of less theatrical value than that of the first act. Here it is action that the audience wets its lips in vain for, relief from the parching, maddening glare of the conversational exposition which beats down on the scene in the boatshed. Whenever a character remarks: "Just a moment before you go, I want to talk to you for a spell," rasping gulps may be heard throughout the house as the listeners sink back in despair. And, considering that Eugene O'Neill wrote it, this amateurish-sounding housemaid-and-butler talk is all the more surprising.

I always know that a play is clumsily written if I can detect passages in it that I myself might have done. "Gold" is full of touches that sound as a play of mine might sound, especially the scene in which it is decided in two minutes that the *Captain's* future son-in-law shall take the ship out in place of the *Captain*, there being just time for him to step into the wings and grab a suitcase from a waiting property man, before stepping aboard for a six-months' cruise. That would have looked all right in the 'script to me, but it ought not to have to Mr. O'Neill.



THE rather dry march across the sands of the second and third acts is enlivened by the deep voice of Mr. Mack. In "Gold" he proves himself an actor capable of playing finer parts than many of those he has written for himself in the past.

True, in moments of stress, the old New England whaler breaks into a slight brogue, but nowadays, when one hears more brogue in Boston than in some parts of Ireland, anything in this line is plausible. And if it were not for the richness and force which Mr. Mack's voice puts into "Gold,"

there would be little to keep the audience alive during the middle of the play. As it is, with Mr. Mack and the inevitable distinction which must always be apparent in anything that Eugene O'Neill writes, "Gold" is well worth seeing.

It is a matter for self-congratulation (and equal praise for those newspaper critics whose reviews we read) that an account of the thirst-provoking qualities of the first act of "Gold" was possible without a single facetious reference being made to the Volstead Act.



THERE is something so naively second-rate about "Sun-Kist" that it becomes a very passable entertainment. Fanchon and Marco, a pair of Pacific Coast favorites, have brought the show across the continent for the edification of New Yorkers, and there is no reason why New Yorkers shouldn't find amusement enough in it to justify its moving to another theatre when the Follies crowd it out of the Globe next week.

In the first place, it contains practically everything that you used to hear in the Bijou Variety Theatre at home when you were a boy, and after all these years of imitation revues it comes with the reminiscent exhilaration of a Briggs cartoon.

There are the two comedians who stand very close together and sing a rapid potpourri of erstwhile popular songs with burlesque lyrics, in which limburger cheese and a very high tenor are the features.

There is the soprano soloist who offers as an encore to her bird-warbling number a roguish little selection about a big bear who said "WOOF!", such as always is the encore number in parlor recitals, causing much refined laughter among the ladies and not a little terror among the children.

Other old friends who were noticed were the following, known to have left the Atlantic seaboard early in 1849 on a prairie-schooner bound for California and the gold fields, and evidently just completing their long journey in time for "Sun-Kist" to give them a ride back to New York:

1st Comedian (*walking like a duck*): Just walk this way, please.

2nd Comedian: What a funny way to walk!

"My wife is a vegetarian, but I don't let that make any difference. She goes to her church, and I go to mine."

(*In answer to Central's "What number did you want?"*)  
"Well, what numbers have you?"



BUT for all this, there is something about "Sun-Kist" that is extremely friendly. Everyone in the cast thinks it is fine, and that helps. There is some good dancing, pleasant music, and an extremely lithe and scenic chorus. And, in between the jokes that grandma used to sing, every once in a while there appears something really funny, as, for instance, when Mr. Chain attempts to put over the big song-hit of the evening by making the audience join in on the chorus, the only distinguishable words of which, either from his own inaudible rendition or the version printed in near-Polish on the screen, are an occasional "Jennie, dear" at the end of each line.

Mr. Nelson's sincere appeal to the audience for home-made layer cakes (either walnut or chocolate) for him and his partner,

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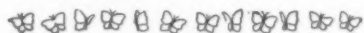
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also had a neighborly touch which Broadway seldom experiences except during the visits of Mr. Ed. Wynn. But then Messrs. Nelson and Chain had to go and spoil it all by singing a song which lowers the bad-taste record for this and all seasons. And any state which can show Broadway how to be in bad taste may well be given the Golden Gate.



ONE of the higher class features of "Sun-Kist" is the Wright Dancers, a group of young ladies who have managed to dance bare-legged without developing a muscular system like

Zbyszko's. And on the program we find, among the list of company managers, orchestra directors and accompanists, the name of Mrs. N. Lewis as being "chaperon to Wright Dancers." That's what they think of New York out in San Francisco.



IT is promised, as we go to press, that during the week of June 13th, Ethel Barrymore will be at Keith's Palace Theatre in a revival of Barrie's "The Twelve Pound Look." We join in what is sure to be a public demonstration of joy at her return to the speaking stage.

Robert C. Benchley.



## Confidential Guide



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

### More or Less Serious

**The Bat.** *Morosco.*—New York's "permanent crime wave," and worth the price. Gold. *Frazee.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Green Goddess.** *Booth.*—Dirty work in the Himalayas, done in polished fashion by George Arliss.

**Liliom.** *Fulton.*—A remarkable play combining fantasy and realism in an account of the adventure of Liliom, the rough-neck, in Heaven. Should not be missed.

**The Tyranny of Love.** *Cort.*—Conventional French unconventionality on which a good cast spends more time than it deserves.

### Comedy and Things Like That

**The Bad Man.** *Ritz.*—Holbrook Blinn keeping the Mexican border in good humor with gun and satire.

**The Broken Wing.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—A realistic airplane crash is advertised as the big feature of the show, and it certainly is.

**Enter Madame.** *Republic.*—Delightful light comedy of the home life, such as it is, of a prima donna.

**The First Year.** *Little.*—Unimportant home items made extremely funny by Frank Craven.

**The Ghost Between.** *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Arthur Byron and a novel idea all mixed up with lots of things not so good.

**The Gold Diggers.** *Lyceum.*—Chorus-girl life as seen by Avery Hopwood.

**Just Married.** *Shubert.*—Much the same sort of bed-room comedy as usual, with some that is much funnier than usual interpolated by Lynne Overman.

**Ladies' Night.** *Eltinge.*—Take a stevedore and watch him blush.

**Lightnin'.** *Gaiety.*—Now that everyone has seen it once, they are starting all over again.

**Mr. Pim Passes By.** *Henry Miller.*—Very pleasant English comedy, done in the best possible style.

**Nice People.** *Klaw.*—Showing how fast

our young people are going toward the kennels and what must be done to stop them.

**The Tavern.** *Hudson.*—Last week of the revival of George M. Cohan's masterpiece of burlesque, with George M. Cohan (in person) heading the cast.

### Eye and Ear Entertainment

**The Broadway Whirl.** *Times Square.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Honeydew.** *Casino.*—Real music by Zimbalist and a book which has survived a long run already.

**Irene.** *Vanderbilt.*—Just goes on and on, and well it may.

**June Love.** *Knickerbocker.*—Johnny Dooley is in it, and it has a few other good points.

**The Last Waltz.** *Century.*—A comic opera of the good old school, with music by Straus splendidly sung.

**Love Birds.** *Apollo.*—Pat Rooney all surrounded by a great big show.

**Sally.** *New Amsterdam.*—Not the best musical comedy that ever was written by several nautical miles, but good enough to head the season's list.

**Shuffle Along.** *Sixty-Third St.*—A concentration of most of the harmony and rhythm in New York into one energetic performance by colored singers and dancers.

**Snap-Shots of 1921.** To be reviewed next week.

**Sun-Kist.** Reviewed in this issue.

**Two Little Girls in Blue.** *George M. Cohan's.*—Nice music and dancing, with perhaps a laugh or two.

### Vaudeville

**Keith's Palace.**—Ethel Barrymore in Barrie's "The Twelve Pound Look" heads the bill.



ESTELLE WINWOOD

CHAS. CHERRY

BRANDON TYNAN

IN "THE TYRANNY OF LOVE"

## The Herford Aesop

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### THE FOX, THE LION, AND THE ASS

ONCE on a time it came to pass  
The Fox, the Lion, and the Ass  
Agreed to hunt in company.  
The hunting over—when the three  
Viewed the result, well satisfied—  
The Lion bade the Ass divide  
The spoil. So, wishing to be fair,  
The Ass gave each an equal share.  
Straightway the Lion, who could see  
No virtue in equality,  
Declared the judgment void and ate  
The Judge. Warned by the Ass's fate,  
The Fox exclaimed with ready wit,  
"The Lion's share is —all of it!"  
"Right!" roared the Lion. "Come now, tell  
Who taught you to divide so well?"  
"It was," replied the Fox, "alas!  
Our late lamented friend, the Ass!"



### THE OX AND THE FROG

AN Ox, not heeding, as he chewed  
His midday cud, stepped on a brood  
Of little Frogs, and all were crushed  
Save one, who, panic-stricken, rushed  
To tell his mother how there came  
A great huge beast with eyes like flame  
And cloven feet, and crushed to death  
Her children. As he paused for breath,  
"Was it as big as this?" said she,  
Puffing herself out monstrously;  
"Or this? or this?" "Oh, mother, spare  
Yourself! You might as well compare  
A Puffball to the Pyramid,"  
Cried he. "If you don't have a care  
You'll burst!" And sure enough she did.

### In a Minute

A MINUTE is an interval of time made  
up of sixty smaller intervals or seconds.  
All of these seconds are supposed  
to be equal; no one second is either more  
or less important, chronologically, than its

neighbor. Such at least is the theory.

In practice it is different.

There is all the difference in the world  
between nine and three-fifths and ten seconds—as Mr. Paddock of California or

any other Class A sprinter will tell you. Briefly, in those two-fifths of a second lies the difference between a world's champion and an also-ran.

The difference between the first and the eleventh second is even greater than that, once you step into the prize ring. Measured on the stop watch it would come out ten seconds every time, but measured in terms of money, fame, pugilistic ability or any other common medium of exchange, it represents all the difference between success and failure, victory and defeat.

The man who takes the count of ten in the little affair between Dempsey and Carpentier will know that if he had been a Paddock he might have devoted those same precious seconds to covering one hundred yards on foot in record time and still have had a fraction of a second to spare for other uses. A man may do a lot of thinking in ten seconds, but he seldom does much of it in the ten allotted to his finish in the squared circle.

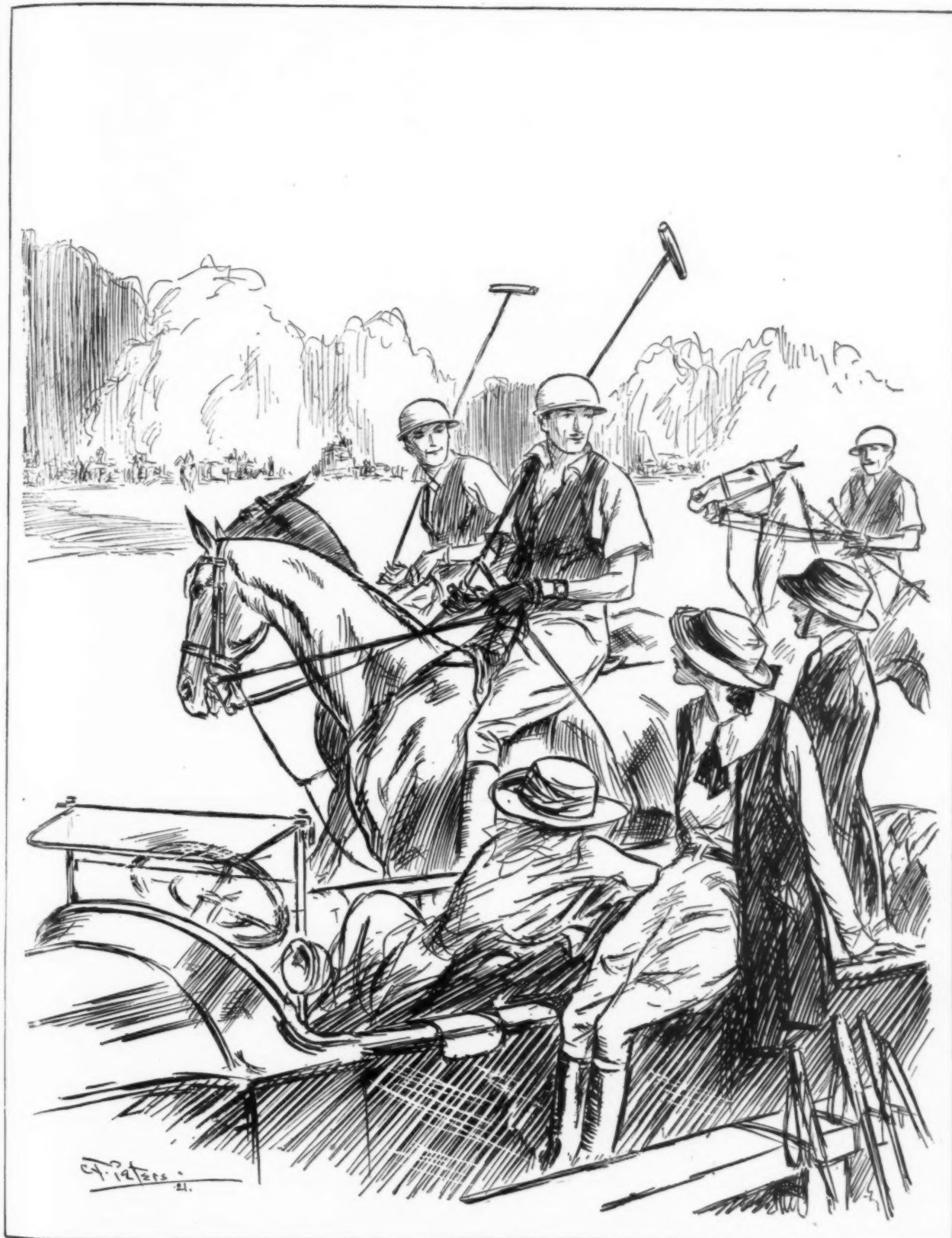
"WHO was that good-looking chap I saw you riding with in the park today?"

"That was my wife."



Mistress (excitedly): HELLO! IS THIS THE BUTCHER? WELL, DON'T SEND THE CAT'S MEAT I ORDERED THIS MORNING. THE DEAR THING'S CAUGHT A MOUSE!





HORSE SENSE

Jeanette: THAT'S A CLEVER PONY OF PERCY'S.  
Jill: IT'S GOT TO BE.

Drawn by C. F. PETERS.

# THE SILENT DRAMA

## A Ridin' Romeo

**T**OM MIX continues to turn out fast-moving, snappy thrillers, with plenty of good action and legitimate comedy relief. "A Ridin' Romeo" is the latest, and it gives this cheerful, likable star a chance to appear at his best. He is, as usual, a cowboy in a district so tough "they have to feed the chickens cracked ice to keep them from laying hard-boiled eggs."

The picture is marred by one or two breaches of good taste, which is unfortunate, for Tom Mix is so thoroughly wholesome in his appeal that he does not have to descend to this sort of thing to get across.

## The Woman God Changed

**R**OBERT VIGNOLA, who has been achieving considerable distinction of late as a cinematographic artist, has succeeded in doing a great deal with mediocre material in "The Woman God Changed."

It is one of those regeneration things, cluttered up with dawns of new days and visions of a greater life. The central figure this time is not a genial crook who goes to a small town to have his kleptomaniac glands removed, but a Broadway wanton who finds redemption on an island of the South Seas. The medium in the case is a central office detective, instead of the usual motherly old soul.

The story is told in the manner of Elmer Rice's "On Trial"; that is to say, the action proper is limited to a courtroom scene, and the testimony of the witnesses is visualized to describe what has gone before.

Mr. Vignola's flair for mottled lighting effects and for scenic composition is evident all through the film, so that it is consistently effective from a pictorial point of view. The dramatic interest is not sustained so well, the entire burden of the story being placed on innumerable long sub-titles, rather than on Seena Owen and E. K. Lincoln, who head the cast. Miss Owen is not particularly convincing as *Anna Janssen*, but that is rather to her credit, for it is a most disagreeable rôle.

There are some fine backgrounds by Urban, particularly the sombre courtroom and a Tahiti dive.

## Snow Blind

**T**HERE is not much to recommend "Snow Blind" except the snow, of which there is a great deal. The scenes are nearly all effective, and especially appealing during these summer months when the theatres have the "Cooler inside than out" sign displayed more prominently than the name of the feature film.

The plot of the piece is a good one, but obviously warmed over, so that the general effect is one of tepidity. It concerns a music hall actress who, lost in a blizzard and blinded by snow, comes to the cabin of *Hugh Garth*, a cripple and a fugitive from justice. He falls in love with the girl, and lies to her about his own appearance, picturing himself as a comely young Lothario of deadly fascination. She ultimately recovers from her snow blindness, and *Garth's* perfidy is exposed.

Russell Simpson, as the cripple, is so heavily made up that he looks as though he were wearing a Benda mask. Otherwise, he gives a thoroughly effective performance, as do *Pauline Starke*, as the blinded girl, and *Cullen Landis*, as the hero.



## Two Weeks With Pay

**T**HERE are a great many people—surprisingly many—who believe that Bebe Daniels is a superlatively great actress. For the benefit of these, we may say that "Two Weeks With Pay" is a lot better than her previous starring vehicles, having an original and amusing story with several bright situations.

For the guidance of that small minority who agree with us that Miss Daniels's charm does not quite stand the six-reel strain, we may say that "Two Weeks With Pay" is mediocre entertainment.

Could anything be fairer?

## Scrap Iron

**C**HARLES RAY is always good, no matter what his surroundings. Given a decent production, a competent supporting cast, and a story with any backbone at all, he is practically unbeatable.

In "Scrap Iron" he is bountifully equipped with all three, and the result is a picture somewhat stronger than anything he has done before. Which, when one considers his fine record in the movies, is no faint praise.

Although "Scrap Iron" bears little or no resemblance to Charles Van Loan's story of that name, it has the requisite punch, and the spectator's interest is never let down. The hero, *John Steel*, a factory hand, has promised his invalid mother that he will abstain from the manly art of fisticuffs. This promise places him in numerous embarrassing situations, particularly when the prizefighter, *Battling Burke*, comes to town and steals *Steel's* girl from him. The lad can only make verbal protests against this foul deed, and so earns the sobriquet of "Scrap Iron" from his fellow mill-workers; "scrap iron" being synonymous, apparently, with "yellow."

Then young *Steel* loses his job. His money is gone, and his mother is dying for want of proper care. So he decides to challenge *Burke* to a prize fight, hoping that he will be able to last three rounds, and thereby collect the loser's share.

The ensuing ring battle is the best we have ever seen in the movies; in fact, superior to the majority that we have witnessed in the flesh at the local A. C. The fight itself, and the audience, is staged with great skill, and is so incredibly realistic that one finds it difficult to refrain from jumping up and yelling, "Soak him, Kid," "Hit him wit' the floor," and other phrases of fistic encouragement.

Mr. Ray, of course, is remarkably good, and he is helped out by an excellent and well-selected cast, notably Tom O'Brien, as *Battling Burke*, and Vera Stedman as his tough little steady. Miss Stedman has hitherto been identified with Christie Comedies, but her fine performance in "Scrap Iron" proves that she has found a real place in serious pictures. Indeed, "Scrap Iron" is

(Continued on page 887.)



# Ballade of the Duffer

ALTHOUGH my stance seems not  
awry,  
I top my ball from off the tee;  
I feel I follow through, yet I  
Lack the fine sense of harmony;  
And why it is I cannot see  
My shots should tangent in the rough,  
But there they fly; ah, me! ah, me!  
I am a duffer, sure enough!

I'd swear I do not lift my eye;  
I try to swing my brassie free,  
As I should do, but I descry  
What gives my heart much misery;  
Then when I ply my stanch mashie  
I lift but sand. It's truly tough;  
The answer to it all must be,—  
I am a duffer, sure enough!

I slough and slice a lovely lie,  
And I am stymied by a tree;  
Alas, there is no alibi  
When I take four instead of three!  
My putting is, as all agree,  
Just simply ragged, rotten stuff;  
My partner jeers; I fain would flee;  
I am a duffer, sure enough!

## Envoy

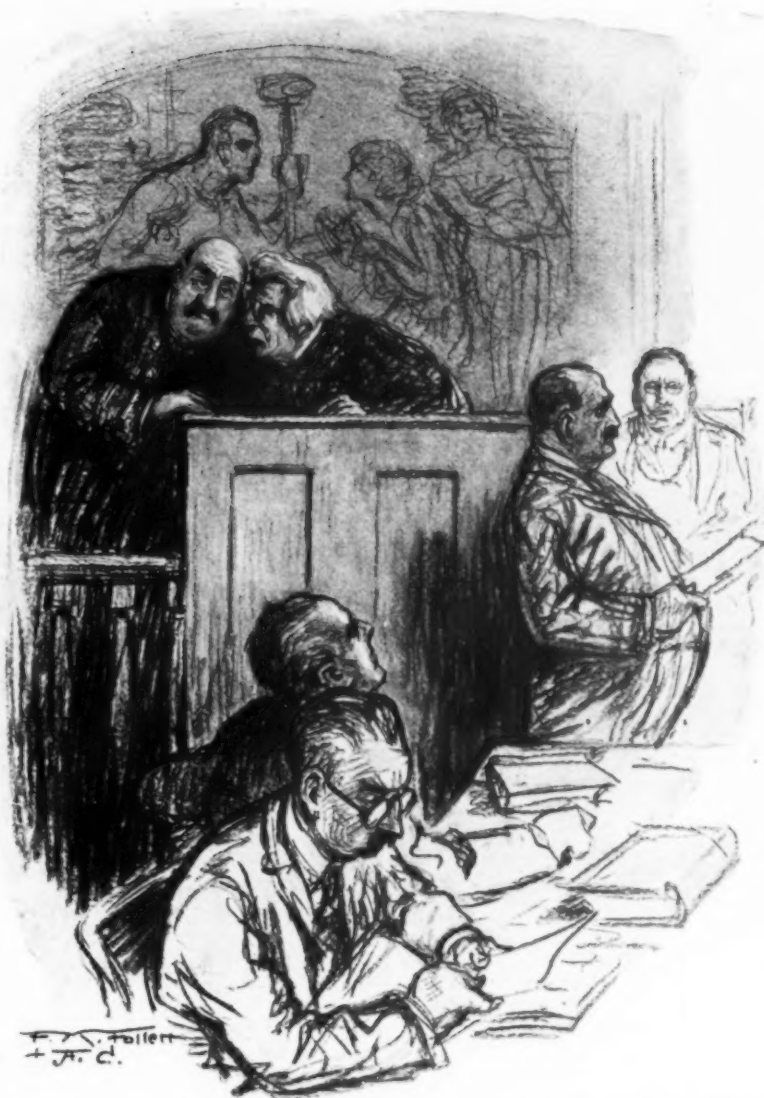
Golfers, some day before I die  
Conquer I may each sad rebuff;  
But now—but now I can't deny  
I am a duffer, sure enough!

Clinton Scollard.

## Standards

WILLIS: What makes you think it is  
easier for a rich man to land in  
Society than for an immigrant to land in  
America?

GILLIS: In the former case the literacy  
test isn't as strict.



His Honor (during impassioned address by counsel): SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT  
WHAT THE BASEBALL SCORE IS.



The Lookout: CAPT'IN KIDD, THERE'S A  
SUSPICIOUS LOOKIN' CRAFT APPROACHIN'.



Captain Kidd: TO TH' GUNS, MEN! DE-  
FEND TH' TREASURE!



"THERE'S NO USE RESISTIN' WHEN IT'S  
MY MA COMIN' TO GIT HER DOUGHNUTS."





"SAY! ED, COME OVER HERE AND HELP ME TO BELIEVE THIS FISH STORY HANK'S TELLIN' ME, WILL YE?"

### For Old Time's Sake

IN the office of the prison warden at Cañon City, Colorado, a clever and notorious swindler was being divested of the contents of his pockets. As each article was removed, it was carefully examined, listed and then placed temporarily on a nearby desk. Among the articles was a badly tarnished silver dollar, barely distinguishable as money.

At the conclusion of the search, the prisoner pointed to the dull-looking coin and in a suppliant tone asked the warden:

"Would you mind letting me keep that with me?"

"Why?" asked the warden.

"Oh, just a little sentiment, I suppose," the prisoner explained. "You know, it's the first dollar I ever stole."

### For Instance—?

FIRST COMMUTER: Do you have to take such an early train as this?

SECOND COMMUTER: No. But I find the earlier the train the less everybody cares to talk.

HOSTLER (*proudly*): Now this 'ere 'orse, mum, is what I calls a marvel. We never has to use a bit on 'im.

MRS. NEWRICH: How interesting! A bit of what?

### Expert Dope

WHEN Dempsey fights Car-pon-ty-ay  
Some scrap is what it's gonna be;  
Some scrap is right—some scrap, I'll say—  
An' here's the way it looks ta me:

Jack's posolutely sure ta win  
Unless the Frog lands on him first,  
But if he don't—the dope's all in;  
Poor Georges is gonna get reversed.

But this here now Car-pon-ty-ay  
Has got a chancet—unless, o' course,  
Jack gets that right in first—I'll say  
That right's got kick, boy! like a horse!

There's only one thing got me stopped;  
If Jack or Georges gits home a crack  
The same time he himself gits popped—  
Oh, well, thass up ta Georges an' Jack.  
*Baron Ireland.*

### Simple

THE dim religious atmosphere conducive to the proper nurture of the student mind is to be induced by the trustees of a Chicago university, who have issued instructions that hereafter the windows are to go unwashed.

The only thing that now remains to be done is to remove all the books and put in a moving-picture outfit, and the past and future will be properly blended.

MANY a man would be a snob—if he had a suit of clothes to go with it.



HERE ENDETH THE FIRST LESSON.

## “Why, I threw that old thing away”



**M**ANY a man has heard from the lips of wife, secretary, or maid the explanation that, “It didn’t look as if it could be anything, so I threw it away when I was straightening up.”

Usually the thing lost is a booklet, a catalog, a house magazine, or some pamphlet so poorly printed and generally unattractive that feminine instinct prompted the thought that it was worthless.

Printed catalogs and books intended to sell goods are not well planned if they ignore the growing importance of the woman customer and the weight her opinion carries in determining any kind of purchase.

One way to ignore this woman is to forget that the physical appearance of your printing determines to a large extent her first impression of its importance to her, and of the general desirability of what you have to sell.



If you want your printing to look better, you must start with better paper.

Start with the paper. When you lay out your printing,

know what kind of paper you are going to use, and know just what to expect from it.

We want every buyer of printing to be familiar with the names and users of Warren’s Standard Printing Papers. Once each month we issue a printed book on one of these papers. These books serve a double purpose. They show exactly the kind of work that can be done on the paper, and they may be cut up and used as dummy material for a number of different style booklets. Thus the book recently issued is printed on Warren’s Cameo. It shows specimens of type faces, type pages, title pages, covers, illustrations, rules, borders, decorations, etc., that are exactly the sort of thing needed for the first steps in planning printing.

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# WARREN'S

## STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS



### No Trespassers Allowed

One of the wings of the plane had broken and its pilot, after crashing through a mass of planking and plaster, found himself resting on a concrete surface in utter darkness.

"Where am I?" he asked feebly.

"You're in my cellar," came an ominous voice out of the blackness. "But I'm watching you."—*American Legion Weekly*.

### Dénouement

The great American dramatist will be the man or woman who can write a one-act play as poignant as a seven-word want ad which the *Houston Post* discovers: For Sale, a baby carriage; never used.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

### On the Road to Mandalay

HOSTESS: Do you like motoring in this country?

GUEST: Rather! The pedestrians are so unsophisticated, what?

—*Looker-On (Calcutta)*.



Old Gentleman (to new gardener): YES, I HAVE DECIDED TO KEEP YOU, BUT TELL ME WHY YOU ALWAYS PULL YOUR BARROW INSTEAD OF PUSHING IT?

Gardener: 'CAUSE I 'ATES THE SIGHT OF THE BLOOMING THING.—*Tailor*.

A WOMAN is a flood of loveliness. Dam her.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

### Confession

The Irish lad and the Yiddish boy were engaged in verbal combat. Finally the subject came down to their respective churches.

"I guess I know that Father Harrity knows more than your Rabbi," the little Irish boy insisted.

"Shure, he does; vy not?" replied the Jewish boy. "You tell him everything."

—*Boxing Blade*.

### Honor Indeed

In a generation from now when a proud urchin says, "My grandpa received a decoration in the great war," another urchin will get back with, "That's nothin', my grandpa's name was published in the slacker list two years after he got back from France."

—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

### A Switch in Time

FIRST OLDTIMER: Did you get many switchings when you were a kid?

SECOND OLDTIMER: Did I? Why, we never had to get our orchard pruned.

—*Stanford Chaparral*.

EVERY married couple eventually becomes a contributor to "LIFE."

—*Penn State Froth*.

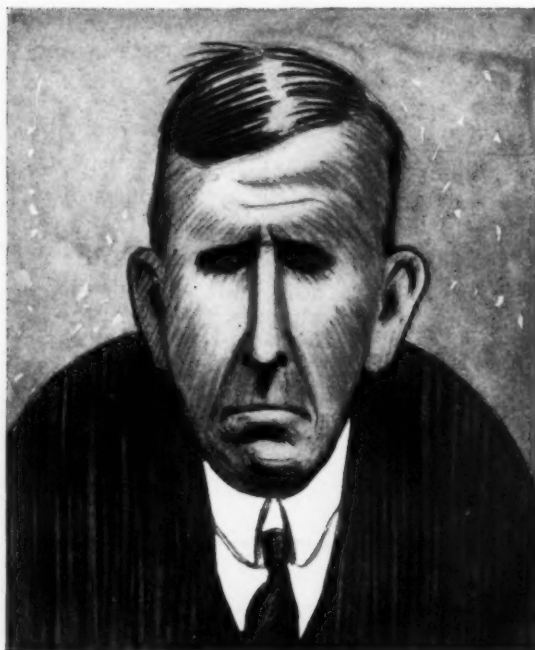
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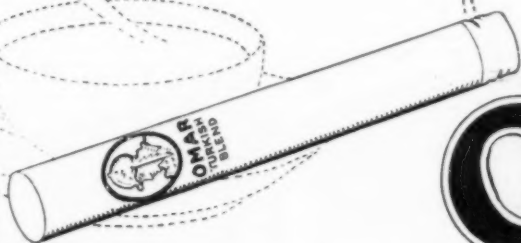
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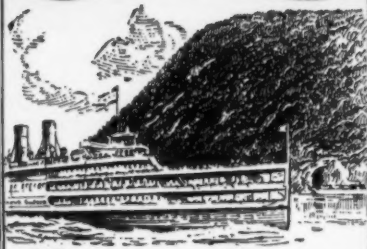
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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

### The Marriage Settlement

A married wit who displays his gift of repartee at the expense of his wife is not to be admired, however telling his sally. This story of Lord Sherbrook is to the point: He remarked that it was absurd for a man to say, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," when he had none. "For instance, when I married I had not a shilling with which to endow my wife." "But you had your brains, Bob," said his wife from across the table. "But nobody, my dear, could say that I endowed you with those," he retorted.—*Outlook*.

### A Whistler Anecdote

An artist who was extremely poor and shabby was walking along the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris one day. Someone hailed him from the rear. He turned and saw Whistler hurrying after him. Being much flattered, the artist said with a touch of pride, "So you recognized me from behind?" "Yes," said Whistler with a malicious laugh. "I spied you through a hole in your coat."—*London Express*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

### Making It Cryptic

If anybody of this generation wishes to outdo Roger Bacon in stumping future generations, all he need do is to dictate a questionnaire on the Einstein theory to an amateur stenographer and have the result revised by the office boy.

—*New York Evening Post*.

### Always Ready to Sing

"Well, there's one thing about the man who sings his own praises."

"And what's that?"

"He never has to give the excuse that he has left his music home and can't play without his notes."—*Florida Times-Union*.

### Sons and Mothers

Bergdoll would have been a great man had he shown toward his country the same bold, uncompromising devotion his mother has shown toward him.—*Washington Star*.

### Repulse

SHE (protestingly, to her fiancé): Ed! Now you stop!

ED: But I'm just beginning.

"Well, stop beginning!"

—*Sans-Gêne (Paris)*.

### En Plein Air

PATIENCE: How would you like to go for your honeymoon in an aeroplane?

PATRICE: Not me—I should hate to miss the tunnels.—*London Opinion*.

### What Tell

Of all the burlesque questions, evoked by Thomas Edison's now famous list, this, by Baird Leonard in the *New York Telegraph*, entertains the most: "Who shot what off of whose head?"—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

## A dangerous warning — bleeding gums



**Forhan's**  
 FOR  
 THE GUMS  
 BRUSH YOUR TEETH  
 WITH IT

FORMULA OF  
*Dr. Forhan*  
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Forhan's For the Gums prevents Pyorrhea—or checks its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

Start using it today. If your gums have receded, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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 CLEAR  
 HAVANA CIGARS  
 TAMPA -- HAVANA

## The Silent Drama

(Continued from page 880.)

serious; perhaps too much so for the regular Charles Ray fans who don't want to see him in anything more vital than a drama in which the big moment is furnished when the hero receives his mail-order suit from Sears-Roebuck.

As in "The Old Swimmin' Hole," Mr. Ray depends upon a minimum number of printed words to put his ideas across. He relies upon his own real genius for pantomime to express himself, and he succeeds admirably—something that the majority of so-called stars are utterly unable to do.

Robert E. Sherwood.

### Recent Developments

THROUGH THE BACK DOOR (*United Artists*).—Mary Pickford as a little Belgian girl who comes to America and, unrecognized, is engaged as a servant in her step-father's house. Not much of a story, but Miss Pickford provides all the entertainment that any one can ask for.

THE IDOL OF THE NORTH (*Paramount*).—Varied adventures of an Alaskan cabaret queen forcefully portrayed by Dorothy Dalton.

SHE SIGNED BY THE SEA SIDE (*Sennett*).—Loose-jointed two-reel comedy, involving the introspective Ben Turpin and all the other Sennett fun-makers.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS (*Goldwyn*).—Will Rogers is moderately amusing in this dull comedy, based on one of Irvin Cobb's "Judge Priest" stories.

THE MAN OF THE FOREST (*Hodkinson*).—A Zane Grey melodrama which shoots its bolt a little bit too early to be consistently interesting.

CLOSED DOORS (*Vitagraph*).—Another version of the truant husband and the neglected wife story. Somewhat worse than usual.

THE BAKERY (*Vitagraph*).—Larry Semon, as an employee in a bakery, refrains from throwing a single pie. Among the things that he does heave, however, are sacks of flour, tubs of butter and layer cakes.

CHEATED LOVE (*Universal*).—Carmel Myers is the star of a fairly melodramatic story which has the Ghetto for its locale. Bring your own gefülltefisch.

HEY, RUBE! (*Christie*).—The diminutive Bobbie Vernon in a light and amusing two-reel comedy of tank town life.

THE GUIDE (*Fox*).—Clyde Cook as a Swiss yodeller in high altitudes of wit.

THE LAST CARD (*Metro*).—May Allison, as a female sleuth, in a melodrama which has interesting moments.

GET YOUR MAN (*Fox*).—You can guess, from the title, that this is another story of the Canadian N. W. Mounted Police. Buck Jones at his best.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE (*Metro*).—Buster Keaton borrows some tricks from other comedians which are not quite as good as his own.

For Review Next Week—"A Wise Fool," "White and Unmarried," "The Black Panther's Cub."

# Let your next tire be

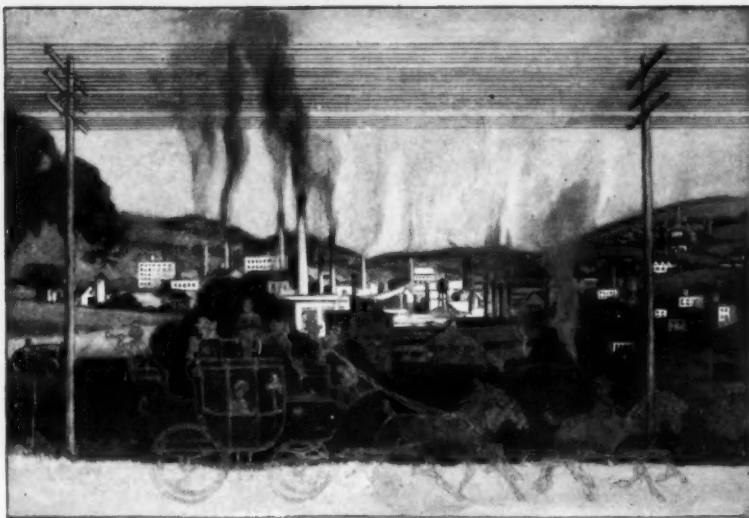


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**Time to Re-tire?**  
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**THE** wise man buys  
extra mileage. The  
extra mileage buyer is  
sure of his value in Fisk  
Cord Tires.

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From Charles Dickens' Preface to *Pickwick Papers*.

## The Advance of Understanding

Even romance of sixty brief years ago could not imagine the great advance heralded by the passing of the stage coach. The railway and telegraph were coming into their own; but the telephone had not been so much as dreamed about.

Yet the wise men of that day saw the imperative need. They saw the value of every step which brought people into closer communication with each other. They knew this to be the one way to increase under-

standing; and to eliminate the "host of petty jealousies, blindnesses and prejudices, by which the Public alone have always been the sufferers."


Then came the telephone. And with its coming time and distance are swept away and a hundred million people are made neighbors.

Places far apart are brought together by 34,000,000 conversations a day over the Bell System.



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(Continued from page 864.)

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Desirable Cottages with Hotel Service.  
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**Cortez CIGARS**  
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The Superfine Car

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1. New low prices on the de-  
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The newest Templar cordially  
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Touring, five-passenger  
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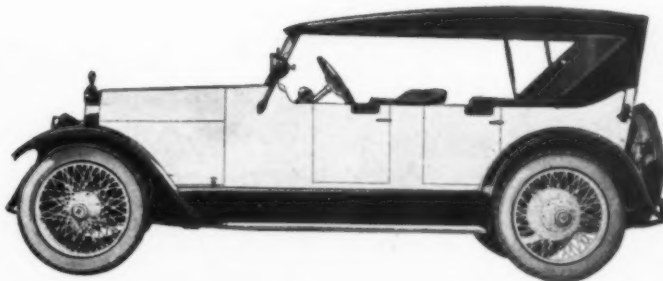
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2200 Halstead Street, Lakewood,  
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The motor car has become an indispensable instrument  
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## The most dramatic, the most unconventional story of Ireland.

Written in Ireland by William Hard.

**WILLIAM HARD** was with Michael O'Callaghan, Sinn Fein leader of Limerick, the night before he was killed. Hard tells the most vital, most stirring story of Ireland thus far. You will get a different side of the Irish situation in this article from anything you have heard or read before. We sent a proof of this article to

### Booth Tarkington

Here is what he wrote us: "This is one of the most dramatic magazine articles ever written, I believe. And somehow, in spite of his naturally intense feeling, Mr. Hard contrives to remain, if not wholly impartial, at least wholly Christian in his understanding. The state of mind in which he has composed so tragic a narrative is as interesting as the dreadful thing he tells."

We think you will agree with Mr. Tarkington when you read William Hard's article. Here is part of what Hard writes:

"At Exeter, in the southwest of England, I had recently sat in a large audience of people listening to a speech on Ireland by General Thomson. He had been in the British General Staff during the war against Germany, and had served as liaison officer between the British headquarters and the French headquarters in France. I remembered that the audience quite shook with astonishment when it learned from General Thomson the indisputable facts of the British Government's military method in Ireland. It had not known these facts. Learning them it was outraged by them. It was ashamed by them. That audience in Exeter, like every other British audience that I heard getting instructed by Labor Party or Liberal Party speakers on the nature of the war in Ireland, was first clearly taken aback by what it learned and then obviously sincerely distressed by it and indignant about it."

### Then—of Michael O'Callaghan

"Michael O'Callaghan, Sinn Fein leader of Limerick, I said I would not forget you. I said it when you in answer could not any longer say anything to me. You lay in wrappings of rugs and blankets on the floor at the foot of the stairs in the hall of your house, all still."

"I tried to remember what you had said to me last on the night before. But out of that night before I could then hear nothing. I could only see the scene of it—as if back through a long dark tunnel—a fixed, bright scene: you and your wife in the light from your fireplace—and in the light from being together—your lips parted in talk—in snatches of talk that kept twining together—a story of yours finished up by her—a sentence of hers carried on by you—each of you so quick to interrupt and so quick to yield—your voices altering so fast. But I could not hear your voices."

"Then in a moment I did hear hers. Out of the morning I heard it, with the sound of her hands beating on her body, and she was crying: 'They fired across me. I struggled all I could. They fired at him over my shoulder. I thought God would give me strength. I tried to get the bullets here—here—here. I tried, I tried.'"

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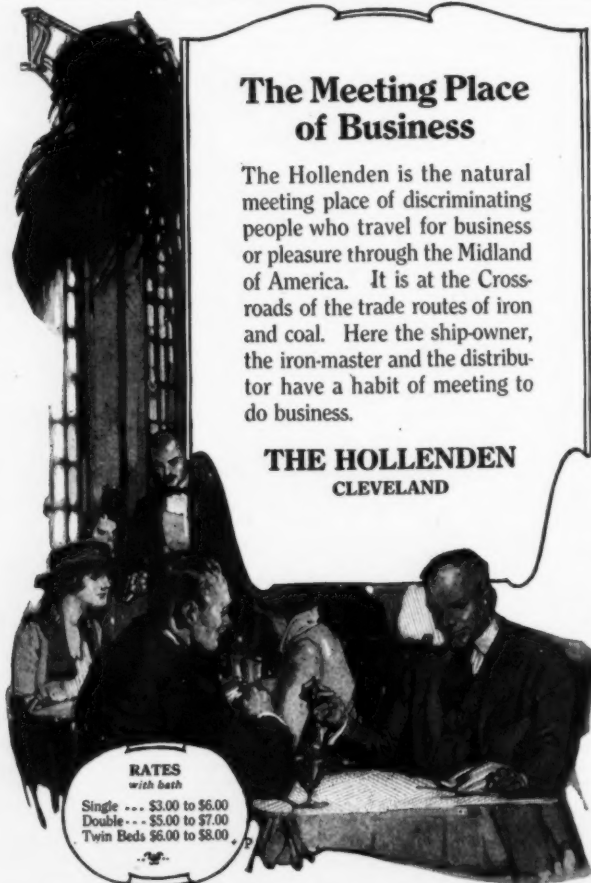
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